



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ALL hail to you, my June roses and posers, or, in other words, my girls and boys, all hail to you!

This is my fair-weather greeting, you understand. I should not think of inflicting it upon you in blustering seasons. So here, in this sweet June warmth and sunshine, I repeat: All hail to you!

And now on this auspicious occasion, let me call your attention to some very interesting letters that my birds have lately brought me. Indeed, one missive greatly agitated the messengers themselves, if I may judge by the crowding flutter of wings when it was laid upon my pulpit. You shall have it first. It tells about

A FOREST TRAGEDY.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR JACK: I once witnessed a singular tragedy in one of my rambles through the woods.

It was a cold March afternoon, and I stood on the edge of a shaded pond, looking for some water-loving bird that might happen along, when suddenly I was startled by a disturbance overhead. On looking up I saw, on a willow-branch that drooped gracefully over the water, a kingfisher—one of the smaller species. The bird seemed to be looking intently at something in the water under a thin sheet of ice that had formed on the previous night, when suddenly down he shot, dashing through the ice and sinking in the water beneath. My astonishment was great. I could hardly believe that an old, experienced kingfisher would be deceived by the clearness of the ice and mistake it for the still surface of the water; so I watched intently to see what would become of the careless little bird.

It happened to be a shallow spot where he plunged, and the disturbance at first made the water muddy. Soon it cleared; but where was

Mr. Kingfisher? I looked at the hole, and saw nothing there but the cold water and a broken edge of thin ice.

Soon came a faint thump, thump, and there, a few yards from the hole he had made in the ice, was the bird, underneath the frozen surface, beating his wings feebly against the wall of his watery prison. He died as I took him in my hand.

Will some of your ST. NICHOLAS readers offer an explanation?

Respectfully yours, PHILIP B. WHELPLEY.

TEN WEDDINGS TO ONE MARRIAGE.

IT may not be known even to the good Deacon, who lately has taken a spouse, nor to the Little School-ma'am, who is not yet among the married, that every wedded couple who live together twenty-five years are allowed seven weddings! Yet so it is. Yes, and all who remain married for more than seventy-five years may have ten weddings! If you do not believe it, listen to this letter, which an astonished dove has within a week brought to my pulpit:

DEAR JACK: I am a little girl living near New York City, and yesterday my Papa and Mamma had a tin wedding. It was lovely. They had a great many presents, all made of tin; and even the plates, with cakes and mottoes on them, were of tin; and Grandpapa had a big tin-headed cane.

So far, Mamma says, they have had four. First, the *real* wedding; then, three years after, they had a *leather* wedding; then, when it was five years, they had a *wooden* wedding; and now they've had the *tin* wedding. That's for ten years. Here is the list that Mamma wrote out for me: At the end of third year, leather wedding; fifth year, wooden wedding; tenth year, tin wedding; fifteenth year, crystal wedding (that means glass, you know); twentieth year, china wedding; twenty-fifth year, silver wedding; thirtieth year, pearl wedding; thirty-fifth year, golden wedding; seventy-fifth year, diamond wedding.

Mamma and Papa are not going to keep all of these weddings, because, Papa says, if a young couple have n't learned to economize by the time they've been married seventy-five years they'd better begin to be taught it. He's so funny! Your little friend, CLARA K. B.

A COOLNESS BETWEEN THE FLOWERS.

DAYTON, O.

DEAR JACK: As I have read a great deal in your pages about roses, and other flowers, in blocks of ice, I thought I would tell you about one here. There is a brewery near by that makes its own ice. One day the men presented to one of the directors a lump of ice 1½ feet square by 1 foot thick, in the center of which was frozen a perfect bouquet of the choicest flowers. They looked quite fresh and natural.

Your constant reader,

DANNIE G——.

FISHING FOR SPIDERS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Now that the season has come when all sorts of creeping, skipping, hopping, and flying creatures are at play in the sunshine, and are eagerly studied by young

observers hereabouts, I should like to tell you and them of a queer sport which small boys in parts of Central America consider fine fun. It is spider-fishing.

There is one particularly venomous spider in Nicaragua which bites men and animals about the feet and ankles, causing great pain and lameness, and then cleverly drops out of sight into a hole, which it digs for itself in the ground. The boys tie a ball of wax to the end of a fishing-line, and drop the ball, teasingly, down into the hole, until the angry insect takes so firm a hold of the wax that it can be drawn out of the hole and triumphantly killed.

J. E. R.

THE NEW DEGREE OF B. H. B.

THROUGH the great college-window a bumblebee flew,

And buzzed on the blackboard a moment or two. It sailed at the tutor,—he ducked down his head; It bowed to the students,—they drew back in dread.

It looked over shoulders (which was not polite); Then out of the doorway it flew in a fright.

It stayed some ten seconds, acquired no knowledge,

But bragged to a friend about "going through college."

The friend smiled, and said (with a little wing-shrug):

"You are now, I suppose, B. H. B.,—Big Hum Bug."

THE VICTORIA REGIA IN THE UNITED STATES.

CAPE COD, MASS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: As you are always interested in strange plants, I must tell you that I lately saw one rare enough to be something of a curiosity. I always had heard of the big-leaved water-lily called the "Victoria regia," as being found in South America or some other foreign place. But there is one in Massachusetts, and it is alive, too. I asked the gardener about it, and learned that it has been here (on Cape Cod) about three years, and that it has never before flowered so far north except under glass. He says, however, that it has been grown also in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; and

in New Jersey for about ten years. This beautiful plant was first cultivated under glass in America, nearly forty years ago, at Salem, Massachusetts.

I was also told by him (the gardener) that, as the flower fades, it is gradually drawn to the bottom of the pond, and stays there about fifty days to ripen its seeds. The pods contain four or five hundred of the seeds, which are about as large as peas.

I send you a photograph of the lily and leaves. The little boy sitting upon the leaf is the gardener's son. The flower is in bloom three days, and changes from creamy white to pink. I believe the water is kept warm by steam pipes.

Would n't the leaves be splendid for decorating a giant's table? It seems to me the flower is a misfit to the leaf—or perhaps it is the other way.

On second thoughts, I think this blossom is larger than it appears. In the first place, the camera has a trick of enlarging near objects and diminishing those at a distance; so you see the flower has not had full justice done it. Then, again, when you reflect that the leaves of the *Victoria regia* range from six to eight feet in diameter, and its flower is generally about one foot in diameter, you'll see that the proportions are pretty well carried out, after all.

Hoping, dear Jack, that I have not stated too many facts, and that you will find the picture interesting enough to publish, I am your admiring reader and friend,

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

WHO KNOWS?

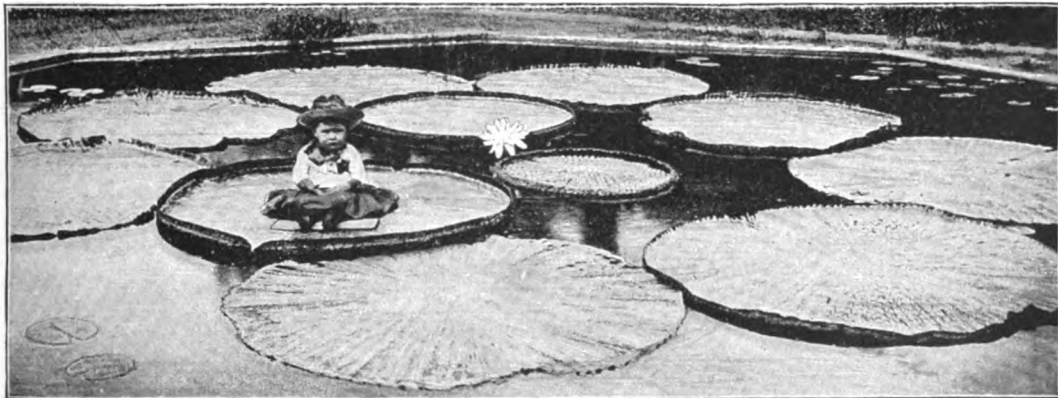
CLINTON, N. C.

DEAR JACK: There is a question which puzzles me very much. It is: If horses do not think, how is it that they understand the difference in languages? For instance, the horses in our country understand us when we speak in our language; but if a foreigner tells them in his language to "get up," they do not change or quicken their pace at all. This fact is true of horses in all countries. Please, dear Jack, give me the explanation of this. Yours in doubt,

ALLMAND MCKOY G—.

TINKER AND ALMANAC.

THE best letters concerning the origin of the words *tinker*, *almanac*, and *landlord* came from Margaret A. and Mr. T. B.; but the Little School-ma'am and your Jack thank all of you who have answered the question.



THE VICTORIA REGIA (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).



PRACTICING SONG.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum !

Here I must sit for an hour and strum.
Practice is the thing for a good little
girl,
It makes her nose straight, and it makes her
hair curl.

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum ti !

Bang on the low notes and twiddle on the
high.
Whether it's a jig or the "Dead March" in
Saul,
I sometimes often feel as if I did n't care at
all.

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tee !

I don't mind the whole or the half note, you see.
It's the sixteenth and the quarter that confuse
my mother's daughter,
And a thirty-second really is too dreadful to be
taught her.

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum to !

I shall never, never, never learn the minor scale,
I know.
It's gloomier and awfuller than puppy dogs
a-howling,
And what's the use of practicing such melan-
choly yowling ?

But—*ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum !*

Still I work away with my drum, drum, drum.
For practicing is good for a good little girl ;
It makes her nose straight, and it makes her hair curl.*

* This last line is not true, little girls ; but it is so hard, you know, to find good reasons for practicing.

A LIVING CHAIN FROM ADAM TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MOST of us would say, if asked, that we are descended from Adam; but what an almost mythical person that same Adam is to us!—as unreal as Jupiter or Apollo, or any of those old names of antiquity that we know were *only* names. It seems impossible to realize that the ancient world of “the beginning,” as the Bible calls it, is the same world we live in now; and its men and times seem separated from us by an impassable chasm—they on one side, in the darkness, we on the other side, in the light—and no links of connection between.

But if you should meet any one who had once seen George Washington, with how much more reality and distinctness those early days of our country and all the Revolutionary times would stand out to you! So let us see if we can not make those old, old times of the past years seem more real. I think we *can* do that if we connect them with our own times by a list of people who may reasonably be said to have seen each other in all those long intervals of years—so, link by link, forming a chain of connection between the old, dreamlike, dark ages and this very day when you turn the pages of your ST. NICHOLAS. Let us try. According to the Biblical record, which necessarily opens the list:

Adam must have been seen by Methusaleh, who was 243 years old when Adam died.

Methusaleh must have been seen by his grandson Noah, who was almost 500 years old when Methusaleh died.

Noah must have been seen by his great-grandson Salah, who was 300 years old when Noah died.

Salah must have been seen by his grandson Peleg, in whose days the earth was divided, and whom he outlived.

Peleg must have been seen by his great-grandson Nahor, who died about the same time with Peleg.

Nahor was seen by his grandson Abraham, who was about 30 years old when Nahor died.

Abraham was doubtless seen by his grandson Jacob, who was more than 30 years old when Abraham died.

Jacob was seen by his grandson Kohath, who accompanied him on his journey into Egypt.

Kohath was undoubtedly seen by his grandson Aaron, as Kohath lived to the age of 133 years.

Aaron, who married the sister of Naashon, prince of the tribe of Judah, was undoubtedly seen by Salmon, the son of Naashon.

Salmon was of course seen by his son Boaz, the husband of Ruth.

Boaz was of course seen by his son Obed.

Obed was of course seen by his son Jesse.

Jesse was of course seen by his son David.

David was of course seen by his son Solomon.

Solomon was seen by his son Rehoboam.

Rehoboam was seen, undoubtedly, by his grandson Asa, who succeeded him after an interval of three years.

Asa was seen by his son Jehoshaphat.

Jehoshaphat was seen by Elisha the Prophet, in the war with Moab.

Elisha was seen by Jehoash, king of Israel, in the last sickness of Elisha.

Jehoash was seen by Amaziah, king of Judah, whom he took captive.

Amaziah was seen by his son Uzziah.

Uzziah was undoubtedly seen by Isaiah, who began to prophesy in his reign.

Isaiah was seen by Hezekiah in his sickness.

Hezekiah was seen by his son Manasseh.

Manasseh had doubtless been seen by his grandson Josiah, who, though a child of eight, succeeded after an interval of two years.

Josiah was seen by his son Zedekiah.

Zedekiah was seen by Nebuchadnezzar, who ordered his eyes to be put out.

Nebuchadnezzar was seen by the prophet Daniel at his court.

Daniel was seen by Darius, whose prime-minister he was.

Darius was seen by Cyrus the Great, his nephew.
Cyrus was seen by Atossa, his daughter, the wife of Darius Hystaspes.

Atossa was seen by her son Xerxes.

Xerxes was seen by his son Artaxerxes.

Artaxerxes was seen by his son Darius Nothus.

Darius Nothus was seen by his son Cyrus the Younger.

Cyrus the Younger was seen by Xenophon, who was one of his generals in his fatal expedition in the year 401 B. C.

Xenophon was seen by Plato, his companion in the school of Socrates.

Plato was seen by Aristotle, who was his pupil, 365 B. C.

Aristotle was seen by Alexander the Great, who was his scholar.

Alexander the Great was seen by Antigonus, who was one of his generals.

Antigonus was seen by his son Demetrius Poliorcetes.

Demetrius Poliorcetes was seen by Antiochus Soter, who married his daughter Stratonice.

Antiochus Soter was seen by his son Antiochus Theos.

Antiochus Theos was seen by his son Seleucus Callinicus.

Seleucus Callinicus was seen by his son Antiochus the Great.

Antiochus the Great was seen by his nephew Antipater, whom he sent to desire peace of the Romans, 190 B. C.

Antipater was seen by Scipio Africanus, who was at Rome when he came.

Scipio Africanus, b. 234 B. C., was seen by his son Scipio the Younger.

Scipio the Younger was seen by his adopted son Scipio Æmilianus, the destroyer of Carthage.

Scipio Æmilianus was seen by Caius Marius, b. 157 B. C., who served under him, and whose greatness he predicted.

Marius was seen by Sylla, who served with him, and was afterward his rival.

Sylla was seen by Cæsar, who served with him, and was his friend.

Cæsar was seen by Mark Antony, his friend.

Mark Antony was seen by Herod the Great, his friend.

Herod the Great was seen by his son, Herod Antipas.

Herod Antipas was seen by John the Baptist, by whom he was reproved.

John the Baptist was seen by Andrew the Apostle, whom he directed to Christ.

Andrew was seen by John, his fellow Apostle.

John the Apostle was seen by Polycarp, who mentioned to Irenæus his recollections of John.

Polycarp was seen by Anicetus, bishop of Rome, when he went to visit him.

Anicetus was seen by Eleutherius, bishop of Rome, who was a deacon there when Anicetus was bishop.

Eleutherius was seen by Victor, who succeeded him as bishop of Rome, 196 A. D.

Victor was seen by Zephyrinus, his immediate successor, 202-219.

Zephyrinus was undoubtedly seen by Origen, who came to Rome during his episcopate.

Origen, b. 186 A. D., was seen by Mammæa.

Mammæa was seen by her son Alexander Severus, b. 205.

Alexander Severus was certainly seen by the Emperor Valerian, who was an eminent senator at the time of the death of Severus.

Valerian was seen by the Emperor Claudius II., who succeeded his son, and had been highly promoted by Valerian.

Claudius II. was seen by his brother Crispus. **Crispus** was seen by Eutropius, who married his daughter.

Eutropius was seen by his son, the Emperor Constantius.

Constantius was seen by his son Constantine the Great, b. 272.

Constantine was seen by Athanasius, b. 296.

Athanasius was seen by Julius, bishop of Rome, whom he visited.

Julius was seen by Damasus, bishop of Rome, who was an officer of the Church of Rome under Julius.

Damasus was seen by Paulinus of Antioch.

Paulinus was seen by Flavian, his competitor at Antioch.

Flavian was seen by Chrysostom, his presbyter and friend.

Chrysostom, born about 347, was seen by

- Theophilus of Alexandria, who was instrumental in deposing him.
- Theophilus** was seen by Cyril of Alexandria, his nephew.
- Cyril** was seen by Dioscorus, his immediate successor.
- Dioscorus** was seen by Hilary, who was legate of his predecessor Leo at the second Ephesian council, where Dioscorus presided, 449 A. D.
- Hilary** was seen by the Emperor Anthemius, from whom he obtained a promise in St. Peter's Church.
- Anthemius** was seen by Epiphanius, bishop of Pavia, who made intercession for him with the Goths.
- Epiphanius** was seen by Theodoric the Great, who often consulted him.
- Theodoric the Great**, born 455, was seen by his daughter Amalasuntha.
- Amalasuntha** was seen by her daughter Maltheamentha, wife of Vitiges, king of the Ostrogoths.
- Maltheamentha** was seen by Justinian, to whom Belisarius carried her and her husband captive, 539.
- Justinian I.** was seen by his nephew and successor Justin.
- Justin** was seen by Tiberius II., his adopted successor.
- Tiberius II.** was seen by Pope Gregory the Great, who was legate at his court from Pelagius, his predecessor.
- Gregory** was seen by Austin, whom he sent to England.
- Austin** was seen by Ethelbert, king of Kent, whom he converted.
- Ethelbert** was seen by his daughter Ethelberga, queen of Northumberland.
- Ethelberga** was seen by Paulinus, the first archbishop of York, who accompanied her to the north.
- Paulinus** was seen by Honorius, archbishop of Canterbury, whom he consecrated.
- Honorius** was seen by Wilfred, archbishop of York, at Canterbury.
- Wilfred** was seen by Pope Agatho, whom he visited at Rome.
- Agatho** was seen by Pope Sergius I., who was an ecclesiastic at Rome under him.
- Sergius** was seen by Willebrod, whom he ordained.
- Willebrod** was seen by Boniface, the apostle of Germany, who at one time labored with him.
- Boniface** was seen by King Pepin, whom he anointed king.
- Pepin** was seen by Charlemagne, his son.
- Charlemagne** was seen by his son Louis le Débonnaire.
- Louis le Débonnaire** was seen by his son Charles the Bald.
- Charles the Bald** was seen by his daughter Judith, queen of England.
- Judith** was seen by her stepson, Alfred the Great.
- Alfred** was seen by his son Edward the Elder.
- Edward** was seen by his son Edmund.
- Edmund** was seen by his son Edgar.
- Edgar** was seen by his son Ethelred.
- Ethelred II.** was seen by his son Edward the Confessor.
- Edward the Confessor** was seen by his cousin William the Conqueror.
- William the Conqueror** was seen by Lanfranc, whom he made archbishop of Canterbury.
- Lanfranc** was seen by Anselm, who was his scholar.
- Anselm** was seen by Matilda, Queen of Henry I., whom he crowned.
- Matilda** was seen by her daughter, the Empress.
- Empress Matilda** was seen by Pope Alexander the Third.
- Pope Alexander III.** was seen by Thomas à Becket.
- Thomas à Becket** was seen by his friend, John of Salisbury.
- John of Salisbury** was seen by his scholar, Peter of Blois.
- Peter of Blois** was seen by Count Raymond VI., of Toulouse.
- Raymond of Toulouse** was seen, undoubtedly, by the great opponent against whom he fought, Simon, Count of Montfort.
- Simon de Montfort** was seen by his son Simon, Earl of Leicester.
- Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester,**

- was seen by Edward the First, whom he took captive.
- Edward the First** was seen by Robert Bruce the Elder, his companion in Palestine.
- Robert Bruce** the Elder was seen by his son King Robert Bruce.
- King Robert Bruce** was seen by his son David the Second.
- David the Second** was seen by Philippa of Hainault, whose captive he became.
- Philippa of Hainault** was seen by her son John of Gaunt.
- John of Gaunt** was seen by Wycliffe, whom he befriended.
- Wycliffe** was seen by Sir Simon Burley.
- Sir Simon Burley**, who went to Bohemia, was seen by Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia.
- Wenceslaus** was seen by John Huss.
- John Huss** was seen by Jerome of Prague.
- Jerome of Prague** was seen by Poggio Bracciolini, who witnessed his martyrdom.
- Poggio Bracciolini** was seen by Cardinal Beaufort, with whom he resided in England.
- Cardinal Beaufort** was seen by Margaret of Anjou.
- Margaret of Anjou** was seen by Sir William Stanley, who took her prisoner after the battle of Tewkesbury.
- Sir William Stanley** was seen by King Henry the Seventh, whose life he saved at Bosworth Field.
- Henry the Seventh** was seen by Cardinal Wolsey, who was his chaplain.
- Cardinal Wolsey** was seen by Francis the First.
- Francis the First** was seen by Catherine de' Medici.
- Catherine de' Medici** was seen by Mary, Queen of Scots, her daughter-in-law.
- Mary, Queen of Scots**, was seen by Bishop Fletcher, who was present at her death.
- Bishop Fletcher** was seen by his son John Fletcher, the dramatic poet.
- John Fletcher** was seen by Beaumont, his associate in writing.
- Beaumont** was seen by Shakspeare, his friend.
- Shakspeare** was seen by Sir William Davenant.
- Sir William Davenant** was seen by Thomas Betterton, the tragedian.
- Thomas Betterton** was seen by Nicholas Rowe, the poet.
- Nicholas Rowe** was seen by the poet Alexander Pope.
- Alexander Pope** was seen by Lord Mansfield.
- Lord Mansfield** was seen by George the Third.
- George the Third** was seen by John Adams.
- John Adams** was seen by John Quincy Adams.
- John Quincy Adams** was seen by Daniel Webster.
- Daniel Webster** was seen by Charles Sumner.
- Charles Sumner** was seen by Abraham Lincoln.

[Our contributor, Miss M. Storrs, in sending the foregoing list to ST. NICHOLAS, explained that it was prepared some years ago by a certain learned bishop. It is very difficult to avoid errors in a list of this sort, and our readers are invited to point out any mistakes which they may discover. It would be well if this "living chain" should prompt young students of history to attempt shorter lists of their own; say, from Socrates to Ralph Waldo Emerson, or from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon Bonaparte.—ED. ST. NICHOLAS.]



EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE gladly call the attention of our readers to the offer made by the Vassar Students' Aid Society of a Scholarship at Vassar College.

A Scholarship of two hundred dollars is offered by the Society to that applicant who passes the best examination for admission to the Freshman Class of Vassar College, in June, 1890. The conditions are as follows :

All the entrance requirements of the college must be fully satisfied. The applicant must be in good health. The Scholarship must be accepted as a loan (without interest and without definite time of repayment). Application for the Scholarship must be made before May 31, to the Secretary, Miss A. Hayes, 6 Acacia Street, Cambridge, Mass., from whom further information may be obtained.

Examinations will be held in Poughkeepsie, June 5th and 6th. Catalogues may be had on application to the Treasurer of Vassar College.

A WRITER in the issue of the "Mail and Times," of Des Moines, Iowa, of March 15, 1890, corrects the date of the Grinnell cyclone as given in the article "Fifteen Minutes with a Cyclone," by M. Louise Ford, in ST. NICHOLAS for March. Mrs. Ford sends the following letter in regard to the mistake :

April 5, 1890.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS:

Since the appearance of the story "Fifteen Minutes with a Cyclone" in your magazine, I have learned from the gentleman whose experience is related, that the date should have been the 17th of June, 1882, instead of the 27th. As I wrote you previously, the facts were given me by the gentleman's brother, and I took the date from him. It seems there was a mistake.

I am very sorry the error should have occurred; please correct it for your readers.

Yours respectfully,

M. LOUISE FORD.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just nine years old, and we have had you in our family long before I was born, ever since Rob was a little boy, and he is pretty old now,—he is 18,—and I have just found out you never had a letter from our family, and I thought it was about time you heard from us.

There are five of us, and we have jolly times among ourselves. We have a horse we drive all around the country when the roads are good.

We had a Rocky Mountain goat, but Papa and Mamma said they would have to draw the line on goats, and Mr. Billy had to go.

With love, one of your very best little friends,

KATE H. T—.

If you print this it will be a surprise to Rob, and I do like to surprise him.

they are boiled put them in the frigeter to cool over night. When they are cooled in the morning stir them well up again, and there 's your spiced oriole.

CLOUGH JUNCTION, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on top of the Rocky Mountains, at a railroad station, which stands alone, there being no settlement here. I am ten years old, and the oldest of seven.

We look forward with great pleasure each month to your coming, and enjoy your interesting stories more than others on account of our being hemmed in by these mountains and away from all the rest of the world.

MAY BEATRICE B—.

P. S.—I would not be without ST. NICHOLAS for anything.

HALLECK, CAL.

THE following recipe, laboriously written by a young housekeeper aged seven, was faithfully transcribed by her father, who sends it to the Letter-box:

SPICED ORIOLE.

A pound of sugar brown, a cup full of molasas, half a teaspoonful of salt, a coffie spoonfool of soda, an ounce of Lemberger's [a local druggist] black powder to yellows of the egg; after these things are well stirred put then in a hot uvven lined with butter to boil. After

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I and my two brothers live on the Mojavé desert, fifty miles from a city. I think none of your readers can enjoy you more than we do.

There are rattlesnakes, tarantulas, and many Jack-rabbits here.

I have been much interested in a colony of ants near by. Once we gave them a large, live scorpion; they attacked it fiercely; some of them held down its long, six-jointed tail, which has the poisonous sting in it; others held its legs to keep it from running away; others bit it to death.

Then they carried parts of it into their home, and the rest they cleared away.

It is very warm here in the summer; the thermometer is 120° in the shade. We go to the sea-side then.

My aunt gave me a box of water-colors, and I painted the picture of the slipper Mark Twain made for Elsie Leslie, just the colors with which he worked it. It looks very odd.

I am ten years old, and have taken you three years.

Your loving reader, HELEN K. N——.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on Brattle street. Our house is more than one hundred years old. Its timbers bear the marks of the axe, showing that it was built before saws were used for making boards. In front of the house stands a grove of trees, frequented by hosts of squirrels, which are always to be seen running up and down and along the branches, though in the heart of a city of seventy thousand people.

The next house beyond the grove is over two hundred years old. It is a very quaint building, with a large chimney in the middle, and small panes of glass in the windows. It contains an iron fire-place, said to have been the first one cast from a pattern made by Benjamin Franklin, and called by his name.

On the other side is another large dwelling that was used as a hospital during the Revolution. Upon its front door is the brass knocker taken from the door of Governor Hancock's house in Boston, which the State strangely permitted to be torn down a few years ago.

These houses I have mentioned, including our own, are situated on what is called Tory Row, because their first owners were Tories and had to flee to Halifax when the war broke out.

On the opposite side of the street, within sight, is Elmwood, the residence of the great poet, and the first man of letters in this country, Mr. James Russell Lowell. His daughter is now keeping house for him, as his wife, a most charming and cultivated lady, died while he was Minister to England.

A little way off in the other direction, but on the same street, is the Craigie house, perhaps the best known of any private mansion in New England, for it was Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston in 1775, and was afterwards made prominent in the literary world by Mr. Longfellow, who owned and occupied it for many years. It is still in the possession of his family.

Midway between my home and the Craigie house stands another colonial building, where Count Riedesel was kept prisoner, with his accomplished wife, after the surrender of Burgoyne. The countess wrote her name with a diamond ring on one of the window-panes. The glass has yielded to the caprice of fashion, but it is carefully preserved by its present owner as a souvenir of those old times. This house is memorable, also, for the "Open Window," which has so sad an interest for the lovers of Longfellow's poetry.

I advise any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, coming to Boston, to visit this historic street.

BEATRICE MCCOBB R——.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that, perhaps, some of your readers may like to hear about some little chipmunks that I tamed at Lake George, where I spent last summer.

As I was playing one day, I saw a chipmunk run into a hole in a tree, and, after watching him awhile, thought that perhaps I might tame him; so I told a little girl there about it, and pretty soon we found some more holes. We commenced by putting nuts as a bait and standing

near. Up comes his little head, and he looks around to see if all is safe; if all is right, he comes out, takes a nut, sitting up on his hind legs, turns it around and around in his dear little paws, and bites off the sharp ends before he puts it into what seems to be a pouch in the side of his mouth, and then he is gone in a second. Sometimes he carries two or three at once, and occasionally four.

My especial pet I called "Spry," and he would eat out of my hand. At first he tried to bite me; but he soon knew that I would not hurt him, and grew so tame that just before I left, he would go into my pocket after his food.

One we called "Greedy," because when others came he would drive them away, and take everything himself.

We used to get the nuts under some big hickory trees not far away. I think we must have given them about one hundred a day, and I think they have had enough to last them through the winter.

Yours sincerely, MARGARET W——.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am a boy of ten, and enjoy all boyish sports, I like the stories about foot-ball and base-ball best. I go to public school, and I have just been promoted to the seventh grade without an examination, because I was on the roll of honor three times during the last term. Hoping that you will have some more stories about game players.

Your little friend, SIDNEY M. C——.

KANSAS, SUMMIT CO., UTAH.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS. My Dear Madam: In the January number of ST. NICHOLAS, on page 262, Anna Eichberg King says—"nor is the ostrich ever used for riding, as he has an exceptionally weak back." The lady must certainly be wrong, for I remember well riding ostriches in the circus when a boy. Yes, two of us boys sometimes rode an ostrich at once, when we were, I should think, twelve or fourteen years old. I would also call the lady's attention to an article in the "Popular Monthly" for March. The writer, Marius A. Gouy, says: "The bird is both swift and strong, and can carry a man on its neck and shoulders at a very rapid pace." Yours, a constant subscriber and reader,

THOS. P——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them:

Abbie S. M., Phyllis S. C., James L. T., Dallas D. L. McG., Eleanor S. G., "Cœur de Lion," Josie Van L., John B. H., Jr., S. M. B., Wm. C. DeM., Mary Clark, Ella and Agnes S., Hattie A. P., Florrie L., Viola, Marion, Margaret and Ella, Susie A., Maud A., Jennie D., Ollie R., Maie H. F., E. Alice B., Walter O., Alice V. and Alonzo C., Madge A., F. D. B., Mary E. H., B. R. S., Edith W., Reginald B., Joe I., Ethel S., Isabel van S., Jennie M. L. S., Laura J., Josephine W., Lowell C. F., Mary R. C., Florence W., Madge D., Mina S. L., Charlie C. D., Charlie V. G., Rigby V., Fanny C., C. A. S., Seotah B., Mabel A. E., H. Clare W., Marie S., Hattie S., Hannah J. C., George C. T., Edith P. T., Elsie E., Charles E., Robert E. G., Sandford H. C., Ellen S. H., Dora E. T., Sedgwick P., Maggie W., Josie C., Grace A. H., Bessie, Helen, and Walter, "Pixie," Leonard P. D., Daniel W. I., F. L. B., H. M. B., Nellie W. D., Conrad and Russell C., Rebecca G., Ethel B., Dorothea, Virginia R. C., Fannie A. R., Ethel S., B. H. H., Palmilla L. M. K., Effie W. F., Maud M., Helen M., Elmer B. L., Warren F. T., Mac C. S., Charles P., Grace O. W. H., Charlotte C., Robert P. H., Sybil F. C., and Bernard B.

**WORD BUILDING.**

BEGIN with a single letter, and, by adding one letter at a time, and perhaps transposing the letters, make a new word at each move.

EXAMPLE: A vowel; a verb; a texture of straw or other material; horses or oxen harnessed together; water in a gaseous state; a director. Answer, a,

am, mat, team, steam, master.

1. A vowel. 2. A conjunction. 3. A body of water.
4. A point of the compass. 5. To purloin. 6. Principal. 7. To cover with a sticky substance. 8. A square column set within a wall and projecting only a fourth or fifth of its diameter. 9. Atoms. CHARLES P. W.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

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I. UPPER Square: 1. To spill. 2. A term of endearment. 3. Elliptical. 4. To belabor with missiles.

II. Left-hand Square: 1. To pant violently. 2. Surface. 3. A prophet. 4. In some measure.

III. Right-hand Square: 1. A sharp sound. 2. A notion. 3. The tongue or pole of a wagon. 4. Holes.

IV. Lower Square: 1. The catch of a buckle. 2. A mixture. 3. A young hawk. 4. A kind of low furze.

MAXIE AND JACKSPAR.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and eight letters, and form four lines by a famous poet.

My 84-45-31-21 is a covering for the foot. My 8-105-42 is to chop. My 12-100-25-66-17 is a fruit. My 6-81-92-38 is a corner. My 90-55-72-1 is to whip. My 88-95-76-60-35 is to defraud. My 70-106-61-41 is

a little branch. My 52-68-46-10-98 is the name of a man full of ferocity and cunning, figuring in the "Old Curiosity Shop." My 74-48-102-20-14-33-58 is one who manages the affairs of another. My 15-97-62-4-80 is to scatter. My 86-29-23-83 is to notice. My 36-27-78-39-75-53-44 is a large flat sea-fish. My 104-11-64-108-50-93-2-57 is a kind of spice. My 101-18-77-82 is withered. My 24-96-51-37 is a square of glass. My 13-7-49-63-107-40 is to filter. My 3-43-28-94-67-5-34 are conquerors. My 16-69-54-59-26-9 is a thing of small value. My 89-73-99-91-19 is commotion. My 71-65-85-87-103 56-22-47-32-79-30 is the name of the writer of the lines on which this enigma is based. C. B.

PL.

SHIESNUN rove het weadsom wied
Hewre eht sebe hudmem ni het crevol,
Dan nisehuns ilfing eth yll scup
Ltil ryvee noe bemdrim veor.
Ninehuss rove hte hyza shill,
Nad vero eth mildping revri,
Dan I wedish eht nus nad eht mumres yad
Migh snehi nad stal revrofe.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials form a name given to the 21st of June; my finals, a name given to a certain part of June and immortalized by Shakspeare in one of his plays.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An Eastern salutation. 2. A name mentioned in I. Chronicles, 9:4. 3. A name given to an atom, and to one of the simplest kind of minute animalcules. 4. The throstle. 5. A name mentioned in II. Samuel, 1:1. 6. A kingdom. 7. An ancient wind instrument of music. 8. The weight of twelve grains. 9. A measure of capacity. 10. The third month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year. 11. A musical term meaning that all are to perform together. 12. Frosting. 13. A marine shell. 14. A French word meaning approbation.

CYRIL DEANE.

A HEXAGON.

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1. A festival. 2. Pitchers. 3. Dogmas. 4. A hermit.
5. A Dutch coin of the value of two cents. 6. To direct one's course. 7. Rambles. F. S. F.